

1/20/67

Dear Mr. Wooden and associates,

Besides you and your friends and teachers, I owe someone out there an apology, for I did indeed get your message. It was given to me on a piece of paper that I put in my pocket, for I did intend to phone and say that only the lack of time prevented my acceptance of the invitation. If you are at all aware of the number and schedule of my appearances when I was in California, you know it would have been totally impossible unless you met after 2 and before 6 a.m.!

Between that time and my return home I lost the slip of paper, hence could not answer.

I have not yet attained the status of a literary scavenger, hence I really have no funds. So, the next time I'm out that way will be when someone supplies the plane ticket. If that does happen and the people who provide my transportation leave me any time that is convenient for your group, I will be happy to speak to you.

The kind things you say about me are a little exaggerated, but I appreciate them nonetheless, and I do thank you for them. May I also suggest that what I have been trying to do means nothing unless there are people like you (plural) to assume the responsibilities of citizenship, to be concerned, to inform yourselves and others, and any other things that ~~may~~ seem appropriate?

I do hope it turns out that I can accept your invitation. Thank you all for it.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg